

PLANESWALKERS

THE VEIL'S CURSE

part I



WRITTEN BY DOUG BEYER ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE PRESCOTT
STORY BY JENNA HELLAND, BRADY DOMMERMUTH, AND DOUG BEYER
LETTERING BY JINO CHOI
ART DIRECTION BY JEREMY JARVIS
BASED ON CHARACTERS BY BRADY DOMMERMUTH AND ALEKSI BRICLOT


A man with a beard and a blue hooded robe is sitting at a desk in a library. He is looking down at a scroll. The room is filled with bookshelves and various objects like a globe and a stack of books.

DON'T TELL ME,
YOU'VE FOUND
NOTHING.

A close-up of a man's face, looking down with a somber expression. He has dark hair and is wearing a dark hood.

I'M SORRY, SIR.
WE EXHAUSTED
EVERYTHING.


IF THE SCROLL
IS A MAP, THE
CONSORTIUM HAS
NO KNOWLEDGE
OF WHERE IT
MIGHT LEAD.

A man's face is shown in a close-up, looking intensely at the viewer. The face is surrounded by a complex, glowing blue pattern of runes and symbols. The overall color scheme is blue and purple.

THIS IS MORE THAN A
SPELL SCROLL. THESE
CODED RUNES MAKE
NO SENSE—

"INVISIBLE EYE"?
"SHEER FIRE"?

CHECK
AGAIN.

A close-up of a man's eye, looking intensely at the viewer. The eye is surrounded by a complex, glowing blue pattern of runes and symbols.

LIVES MAY
DEPEND
ON IT.

YES, SIR.

ELSEWHERE...

"DEATH SURROUNDS ME."

"IT'S SUFFOCATING."

...

COFF!
COFF!

"I FEEL IT UNDER
MY SKIN."

"IT MUST BE
THE WITCH."

"REEKS OF DEATH IN HERE. CAN'T BREATHE.
CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT. NEED TO SUMMON
SOME MUSCLE TO GET OUT OF HERE."

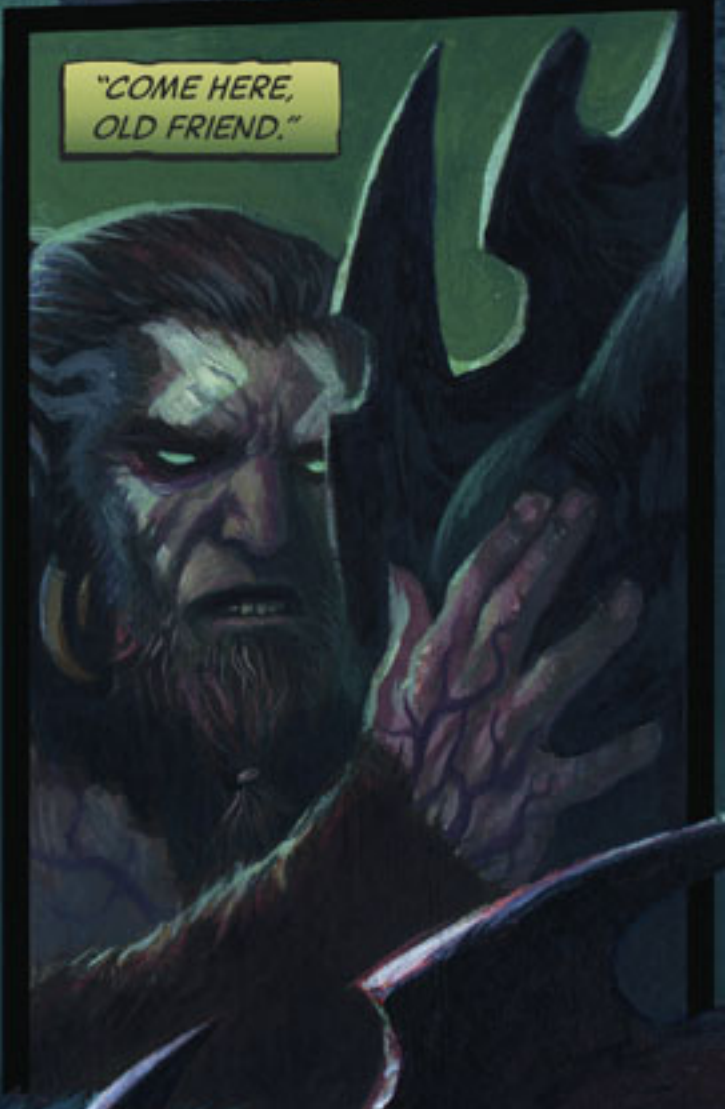
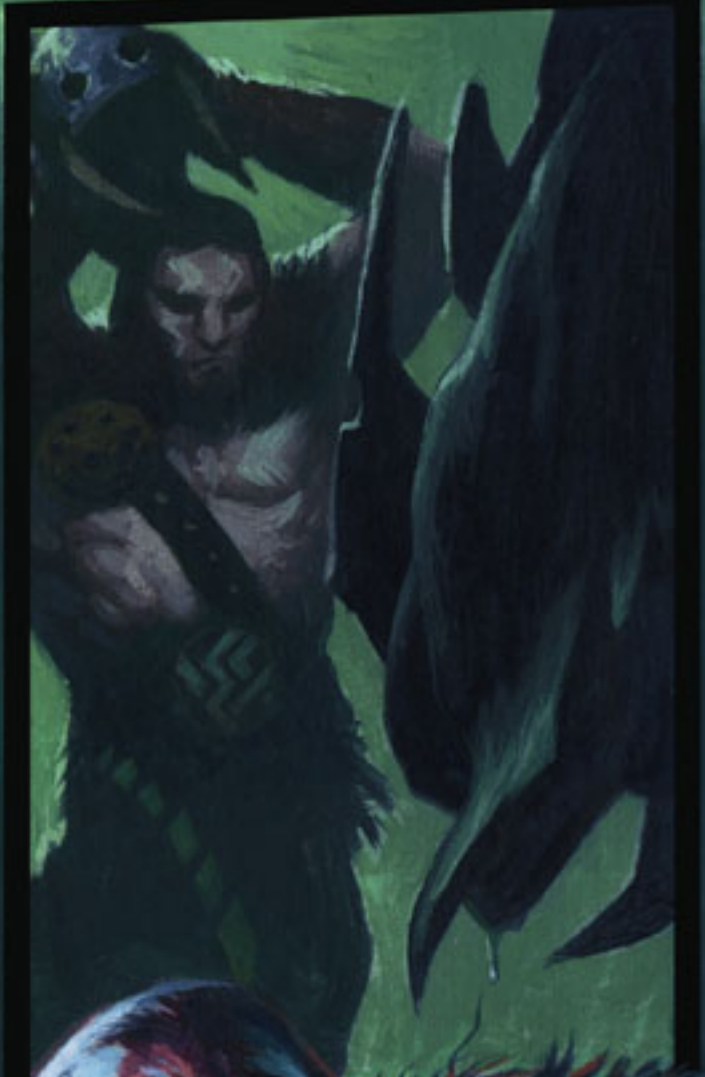


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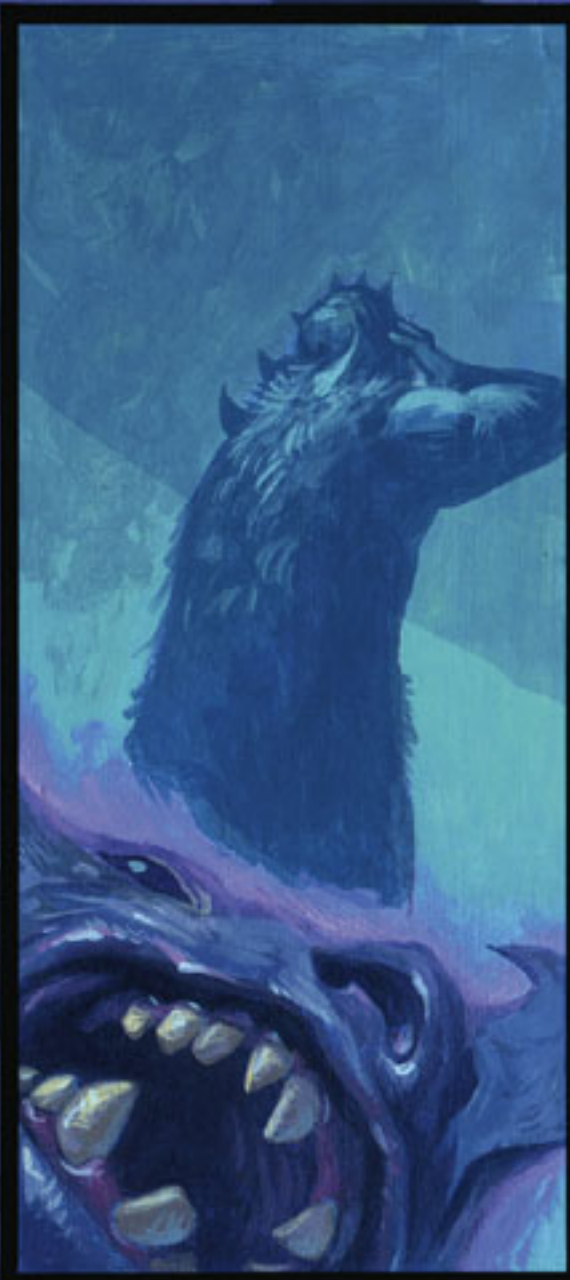
"IT'S — IN AGONY. WHATEVER CURSE
IS ON ME — I PASS IT ON TO THEM."

"MY TOUCH, MY MAGIC — I'M CORRUPT."

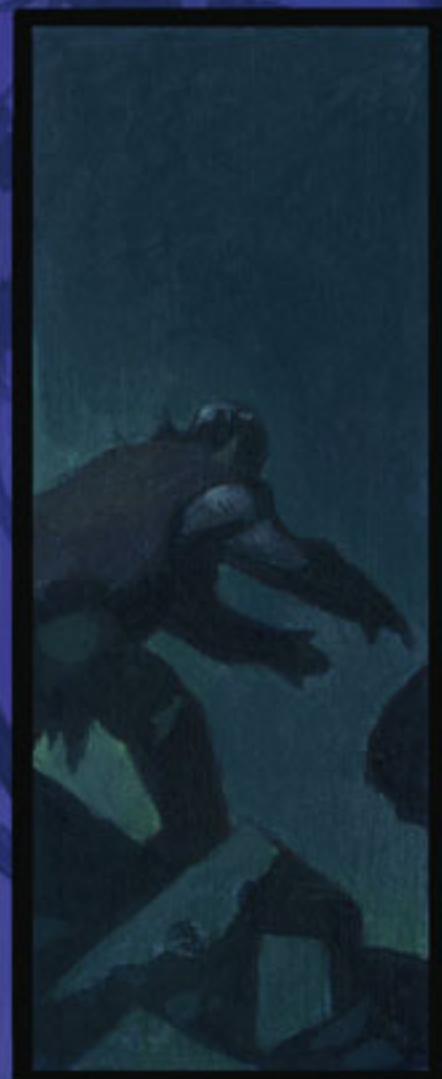
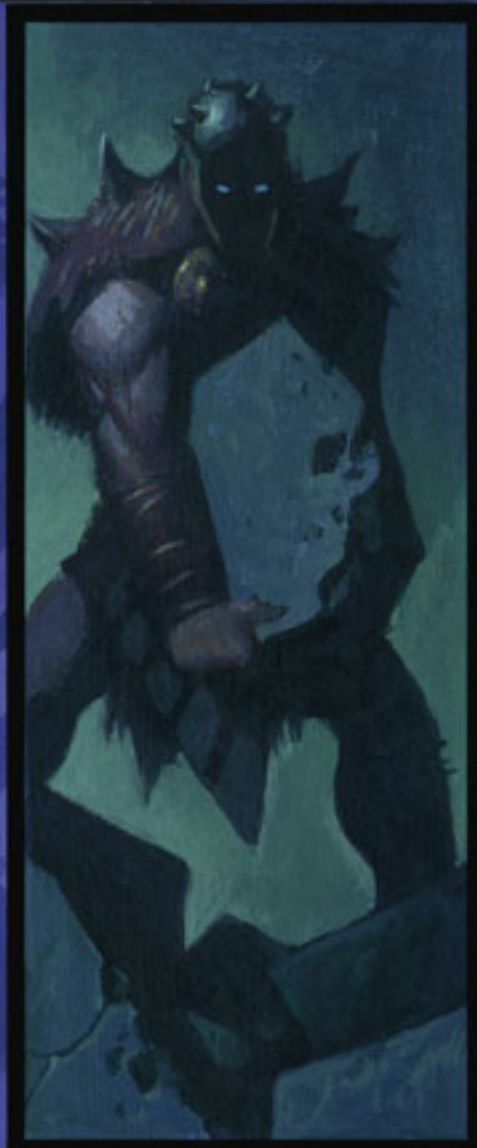


"COME HERE,
OLD FRIEND."





"THE CORRUPTION BITES INTO MY VEINS AS I WORK."



"I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT I HEAR WHEN I EMERGE."



"...NOTHING."

"NO BELLOWING. NO BIRDSONG. THE FOREST IS ALL AROUND ME. BUT I'VE BEEN CUT OFF FROM ITS VOICE."





"THE CURES I KNOW
DO NOTHING."

"MAYBE IT'S THE CURSE.
MAYBE IT'S MY OWN TOUCH."



"AND THERE'S NO SIGN
OF THE DEATH MAGE.
TRAIL'S GONE COLD."



"SHE COULD BE ANYWHERE.
ANY PLANE."

"NEEDLE IN AN
INFINITE HAYSTACK."

"I KNOW OF ONE WHO
KNOWS HER.
I VOWED NEVER TO
GO BACK THERE..."

"BUT NOW I KNOW
WHERE I MUST GO."



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part II



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HERE
SHE COMES!
REINFORCE
THE GATE!

BY MY FATHER'S
SOUL— YES, RIGHT
AWAY, CHIEF!



GET THAT
BARRICADE UP!
OUR LIVES MAY
DEPEND ON IT.



THIMP-KREH!

YOU DON'T
WANT TO KNOW.
JUST HOLD
THIS DOOR
SHUT.

UGHHH...

WHAT OF
OUR CAVALRY?
HOW HAVE THEY
FARED?

CHIEF?



KR-KR-KRCH!

LISTEN UP!
THIS IS
OUR TIME.

THIS IS OUR
CHANCE TO SHOW
THIS ENEMY WHAT
WE'RE MADE OF.

FOR ALL TIME,
HISTORY WILL
REMEMBER THIS
FORTRESS. FOR
ALL TIME, HISTORY
WILL REMEMBER
THE NAME—





JACE, A MAN HAS COME TO SEE YOU.

NO TIME FOR THAT. SEND HIM AWAY.

MEANWHILE, ON RAVNICA...



"HE...INSISTS."



DEPLOY THE NECESSARY SAFEGUARDS.



"HE'S DESTROYED THE NECESSARY SAFEGUARDS."



»SIGH«

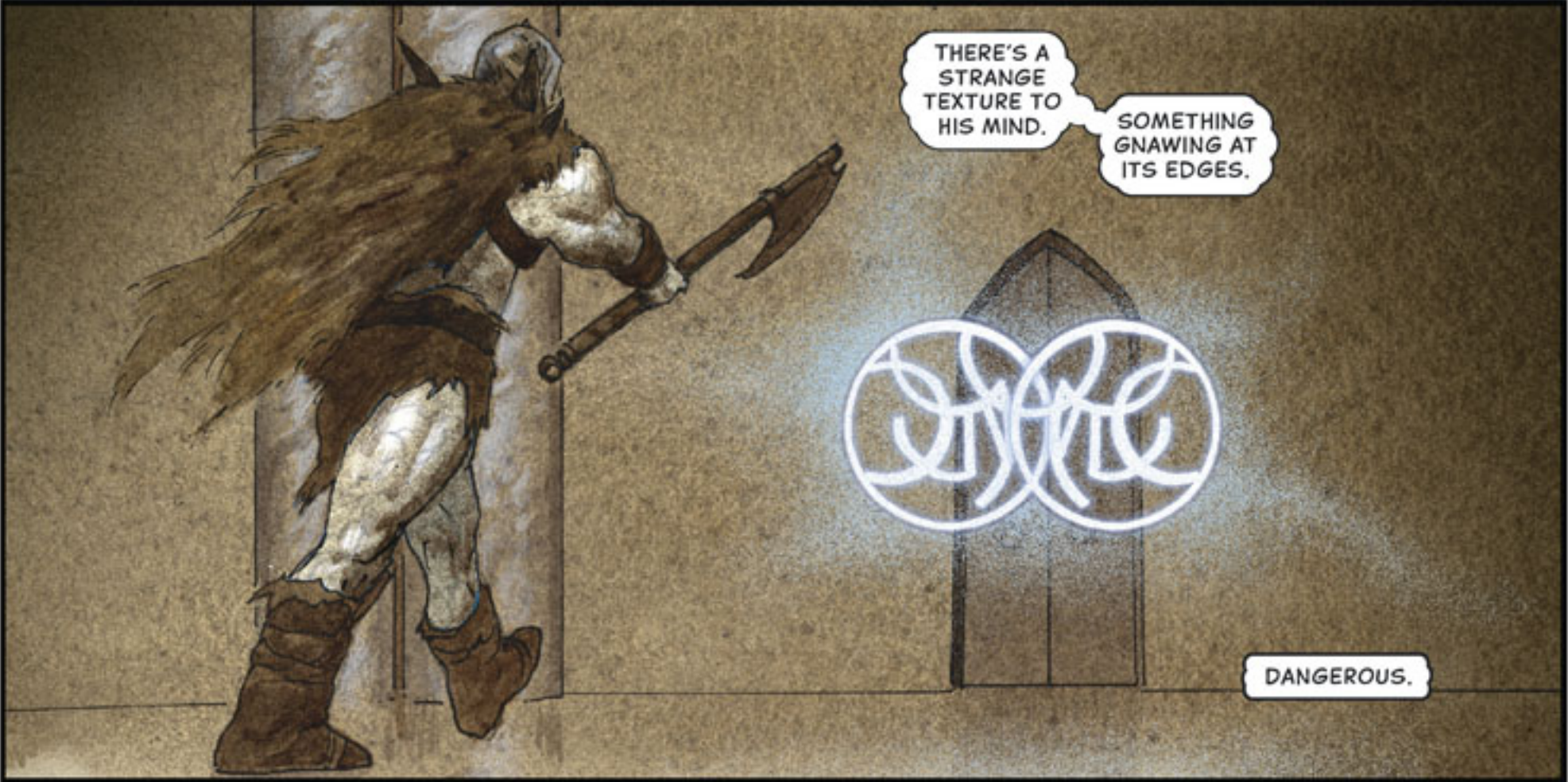


GARRUK,
ISN'T IT? I'VE
HEARD OF YOU.
IS ALL THIS
REALLY NEC—



KKEEEEEEEESH

OUT
OF MY
HEAD!



THERE'S A
STRANGE
TEXTURE TO
HIS MIND.

SOMETHING
GNAWING AT
ITS EDGES.

DANGEROUS.



NO TRICKS.
NO LACKEYS.
WE'LL DISCUSS
THIS FACE—



—TO FACE.

WHERE IS
SHE!?





PLANESWALKERS

THE VEIL'S CURSE

part III



WRITTEN BY DOUG BEYER ILLUSTRATED BY MARK TEXEIRA
STORY BY JENNA HELLAND, BRADY DOMMERMUTH, AND DOUG BEYER
LETTERING BY JINO CHOI
ART DIRECTION BY JEREMY JARVIS
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GARRUK,
YOUR HOSTILITY...
IS NOT YOUR
OWN

THIS IS NOT
A NEGOTIATION.

THIS IS NOT
A CONTEST
OF WILLS.



THIS IS YOU,
TELLING ME
WHERE THE
WITCH IS—

MONSTER!



I... I'M
SORRY, BOY.
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S COME
OVER ME.

LOOK, I KNOW
SOMEONE WHO CAN
HELP YOU, HERE ON
RAVNICA. EMMARA,
A HEALER.

GO TO HER,
AND THEN
I'LL LEAD
YOU TO LILIANA.

DOESN'T
FEEL LIKE AN
ILLNESS OF
THE FLESH.

I JUST
NEED TO FIND
HER. JUST NAME
A PLANE, AND
I'LL GO.



...TAVELIA.



CAN I TRUST YOU?

WHAT ANSWER COULD I GIVE THAT WOULD CONVINCE YOU?



...I'LL TELL THE WITCH YOU SAID HELLO. OH, AND BELEREN...

YOUR MAP LEADS TO ZENDIKAR. BETTER WATCH YOUR STEP THERE.





MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE
FAR FROM TAVELIA...

KOTHOPHED.
I'VE RETURNED.



LILIANA.
YOU'RE WEARING
WHAT'S MINE. THAT
WAS NOT THE—

NEW
DEAL.

I'M KEEPING
THE VEIL. AND I
WANT OUT OF MY
CONTRACT.



DO
YOU
NOW?

YOU
HAVE YOUR
PRECIOUS YOUTH.
THE VEIL, AND
YOUR SOUL, ARE
FORFEIT.



RAAARRGHHH!



I
THINK
NOT.



THIS IS NOT
A NEGOTIATION,
KOTHOPHED.

THIS IS NOT
A CONTEST OF
WILLS.



THERE'S
NO TRUTH IN
THE PLEAS OF
THE DAMNED.

